THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, March 17, 1800.

Two Letters of Mr. Fox to M. Bertrand de Moleville.

MR. FOX, in his ſpeech in Parliament on the 3d of February laſt, alluded to the curious account given by M. Bertrand de Moleville of the declaration made by the Emperor at Mantua, and which Mr. Fox conſidered as an aggreſſion againſt France. In conſequence of the haſty report of it publiſhed in the Morning Chronicle, M. Bertrand de Moleville addreſſed a letter to Mr. Fox, ſaying, that he had not attended to his explanation of the affair, for that the unfortunate Louis XVI. only invited the Emperor "To make a *feigned* coalition with the Empire, Pruſſia, Ruſſia, Spain, and the Kings of Naples and Sardinia, to *declare*, but not to *make actual war* againſt France."

In anſwer to this letter, Mr. Fox wrote M. Bertrand de Moleville the following:

"SIR,

"I have received the letter you did me the honour of writing to me, and am very ſorry that the aſſertion I thought it neceſſary to make, and which, after all, I by no means think inaccurate, ſhould have given you any pain; it was far from being my intention. I confeſs, Sir, that I quoted you from an extract from your book, which appeared in the public papers; but after attentively reading your letter, I do not find that that extract was inaccurate. They who *feign* a coalition, who *declare* war; they, in ſhort, who threaten, do, in my apprehenſion, attempt to dictate by force; and it may be ſaid, without inaccuracy or injuſtice, that they who

negociated for the purpoſe of producing thoſe meaſures, encouraged foreign powers to interfere in the affairs of France, and even to dictate to her by force, alterations in her Government.

" With reſpect to the unfortunate Monarch for whoſe memory you manifeſt a ſolicitude which does you honour, no man in this country lamented his death more than myſelf; no man, as you obſerve, was more ſhocked at the cruelty and injuſtice of thoſe who condemned him to ſuffer; but theſe ſentiments may ſurely be entertained without approving all that he did, whether acting from the dictates of his own mind, or purſuant to the counſel of others. Still, as I am perſuaded that very few Princes would have acted better in his ſituation, and that that part of his conduct to which I cannot but impute error, was puniſhed far beyond what it merited; I pity him much more than I cenſure him; and when I found myſelf obliged to ſpeak of his faults, or, at leaſt, of what appeared to me to deſerve that term, I did not do it to inſult his memory, or even to throw any manner of blame upon him, but merely to ſhow that France had real grounds of complaint againſt Auſtria, and was juſtified in declaring war againſt her.

" I have not your work here, but I will procure it without delay; in the mean time I own, whether prejudiced or not, that it will be no eaſy thing to perſuade me that a ſecret connection, or, indeed, any ſecret underſtanding with Auſtria, of whatever nature it may have been, was not an error, to ſay the leaſt of it, on the part of Louis XVI. ſituated as he was.

" I have the honour to be, with the higheſt conſideration, Sir, your's, &c. &c.

" C. J. FOX.

" *St. Anne's Hill, Sunday, Feb.* 9, 1800."

M. Bertrand de Moleville replied, that the declaration of Mantua was never publiſhed; that it remained a perfect ſecret both to the French and to Europe, and in fact, that it was wholly unknown till he publiſhed it in his memoirs; and that this declaration conſequently could not juſtify the French in commencing war againſt the Emperor.

To this Mr. Fox rejoined as follows:—

" SIR,

" I know not whether the public papers have reported what I ſaid on the ſubject of the declaration at Mantua correctly

rectly or not. I certainly did not say that what paſſed in that city was the motive by which France was determined to declare war; but that the declaration made there, with other circumſtances, which, as well as that declaration, were not known till a long time after, furniſh inconteſtable proofs that the Auſtrian Government had taken a part in hoſtile deſigns that had in view the internal Government of France, which is, in my opinion, a very juſt cauſe of war: I ſay hoſtile deſigns, becauſe, *to declare war and advance troops*, appear to me very unequivocal hoſtilities. Beſides, if Auſtria did not attempt to compel France, ſhe was, at leaſt, in league with a French magiſtrate to deceive her by hoſtile appearances, which, ſo far as reſpects the juſtification of the war on the part of the French, comes nearly to the ſame thing. France, though ignorant of the declaration at Mantua, had many reaſons for believing a league of that kind which has been ſince demonſtrated. It ſeem to me, that in believing it ſhe had good grounds. She declared war upon appearances more or leſs convincing; and the declaration at Mantua, among other facts, proves that ſhe was not deceived in thoſe appearances.

"After this frank ſtatement of my ſentiments upon this ſubject, you muſt be ſenſible, Sir, that it is not poſſible for me to acknowledge a miſtake of which I am not convinced, either by fact or reaſoning. I doubt we can never agree on this point. On the one hand, I may be blinded to a certain degree by my averſion to the abominable principle of the coalition againſt France, and ſtill more by the horror I feel at the cruelty, hypocriſy, inſincerity, and baſeneſs, which have marked the conduct of the powers engaged in it; and, on the other hand, your veneration for the late King, and the ſentiments with which his misfortunes and ſufferings muſt naturally have inſpired you, may prevent your being altogether without prejudice on certain points.

"I have the honour to be, with the moſt perfect conſideration, Sir, your's, &c. &c.

"C. J. FOX.

"*St. Anne's Hill, February* 13."

"P. S. On reperuſing your former letter, I ſee that the laſt expreſſion in the report of the Morning Chronicle is not correct. I did not ſay, *to compel them to depart from a ſyſtem which they thought neceſſary to their own internal happineſs*—I think I ſaid, *to dictate by force of arms changes in-*

their internal Government, or, *to interfere by force in their internal Government.*

" This error appears to me very immaterial, and I ſhould not have noticed it had I not obſerved that you rather lay a ſtreſs on that part of the report which is incorrect, and conſequently upon expreſſions which, in fact, I did not uſe.

" C. J. F."

OF SOMNAMBULISTS.

WITH A HISTORY OF TWO WHO FELL UNDER THE AUTHOR'S OBSERVATION.

[From Smellie's " Philoſophy of Natural Hiſtory," vol. II, 4to.]

A Remarkable phenomenon, which is ſometimes exhibited in ſleep, merits attention.—Some people, during ſleep, retain the faculties of ſeeing, hearing, ſpeaking, walking, laughing, crying, and, in general, doing almoſt every thing they are accuſtomed to perform when they are awake. Near thirty years ago, I had an opportunity of examining a ſtriking example of ſomnambuliſm. Within a mile of Edinburgh, I happened to reſide ſome time in a farmer's houſe. Mr. Baird, my landlord, had a ſervant maid, whoſe name was Sarah. I was not long there, when I learned from the family, that Sarah, particularly after receiving an affront, or being angered, was accuſtomed to riſe in her ſleep, to go out, and to walk about the fields. My curioſity was excited; and I begged to be informed the firſt time that Sarah ſhould riſe in her ſleep. A few nights afterward, one of Mr. Baird's ſons awaked me, and told me that Sarah had got out of bed. I immediately haſtened to the apartment where ſhe ſlept. When I arrived, Mr. and Mrs. Baird, one of their ſons, and a ſervant-maid, Sarah's companion, were preſent. Sarah was in the midſt of them. She was ſlightly and careleſsly clothed. Her neighbour ſervant perſuaded her to ſit down. I took my ſeat by her. We began immediately to converſe. She anſwered any queſtions that were put to her pretty diſtinctly; but ſhe always miſtook the perſon who ſpoke, for ſome other, which gave us an opportunity of aſſuming any character within the circle of her acquaintance.

I knew that one of the farmer's ſervants, whoſe name was John Porteous, was a lover of her's; and therefore I addreſſed her in the ſtyle which I ſuppoſed John might have

ſometimes

ſometimes done. From that moment, ſhe began to ſcold me, upbraided me with ſeveral breaches of promiſe to marry her, and deſired me, in the moſt peremptory manner, never again to ſpeak to her on that topic.

The converſation was accordingly changed. I talked of her miſtreſs who was in the room, becauſe I knew that they had occaſional quarrels. Till now, I ſuſpected that the whole was a trick, but for what purpoſe I could not diſcover. Sarah, however, abuſed Mrs. Baird in the harſheſt terms. She ſaid, but the other day, ſhe had been accuſed of ſtealing and drinking ſome bottles of ale; that her miſtreſs was ſuſpicious, cruel, and narrow-minded. As the miſtreſs of the houſe was preſent, when theſe and other opprobrious terms were uſed, I began to doubt my preconceived notion of impoſture; and therefore changed the object of my experiments and inquiries. I examined her countenance, and found that her eyes, though open, wild, and ſtaring, were not abſolutely fixed. I took a pin, and repeatedly pricked her arm; but not a muſcle moved, not a ſymptom of pain was diſcoverable.

At laſt, ſhe became impatient to get out, and made ſeveral attempts to get out by the door; but that was prevented by the domeſtics. Perceiving her inability to force the door, ſhe made a ſudden ſpring at the window, and endeavoured to throw herſelf over, which would have been fatal to her. To remove every ſuſpicion of impoſture, I deſired the people, with proper precautions to prevent harm, to try if ſhe would really precipitate herſelf from the window. A ſeemingly free acceſs was left for her eſcape, which ſhe perceived, and inſtantly darted with ſuch force and agility, that more than one half of her body was projected before her friends were aware. They, however, laid hold of her, and prevented the dreadful cataſtrophe. She was again prevailed upon, though with much reluctance, to ſit down. She ſoon reſumed her former calmneſs, and freely anſwered ſuch queſtions as were put to her.

This ſcene continued for more than an hour. I was perfectly convinced, notwithſtanding my original ſuſpicions, that the woman was actuated by ſtrong and natural impulſes, and not by any deſign to deceive. I aſked if any of the attendants knew how to awaken her. A female ſervant replied, that ſhe did. She immediately, to my aſtoniſhment, laid hold of Sarah's wriſt, forcibly ſqueezed and rubbed the projecting bones, calling out, at the ſame time, Sarah, Sarah! By this operation, Sarah awoke. She ſtared with amazement,

looked

looked around, and aſked, how ſo many people came to be in her apartment at ſo unſeaſonable an hour? After ſhe was completely awake, I aſked her, what was the cauſe of her reſtleſs and violent agitation? She replied, that ſhe had been dreaming that ſhe was purſued by a furious bull, who was every moment on the point of goring her.

A pretty ſimilar example afterward occurred. Mr. Thomas Parkinſon, then a ſtudent of medicine in the univerſity of Edinburgh, was accuſtomed to talk and anſwer queſtions in his ſleep. This fact was known to his companions. To amuſe ourſelves, two of us went gently into his chamber while he was aſleep. We knew that he was in love with a young lady in Yorkſhire, the place of his nativity. We whiſpered her name repeatedly in his ear. He ſoon began to toſs about his hands, and to ſpeak incoherently. He gradually became more calm and recollected. His imagination took the direction we intended. He thought he was ſtationed under the lady's window, and repeatedly upbraided her for not appearing and ſpeaking to him as ſhe had ſo often done on former occaſions. At laſt, he became impatient, ſtarted up, laid hold of books, ſhoes, and every thing he could eaſily graſp. Thinking his miſtreſs was aſleep, he threw theſe articles againſt the oppoſite wall of his chamber. By what he ſaid, we learnt that his imaginary ſcene lay in a ſtreet, and that he was darting the books and ſhoes at the lady's window, in order to awake her. She, however, did not appear; and after tiring himſelf with frequent exertions, he went quietly into bed without wakening. His eyes were nearly ſhut; and although he freely converſed with us, did not ſeem to perceive that any perſon was preſent with him. Next day, we told him what had happened; but he ſaid, that he had only a faint recollection of dreaming about his miſtreſs.

In the French Encyclopediæ, under the word *Noctambule*, we have an account of a ſtudent of divinity, in the univerſity of Bourdeaux, who was accuſtomed to riſe in his ſleep, and to read and write without the uſe of his eyes. The fact is atteſted by the Archbiſhop of Bourdeaux, who thought it a phenomenon worthy of his attention. Leſt he ſhould have been deceived by the young man, he interpoſed an obſtacle between his eyes and the paper on which he was reading or writing. But he read and wrote in the ſame manner, and with equal accuracy, as if no ſuch obſtacle had exiſted.

A recent and authentic account of a ſleep-walker, has been publiſhed on the continent, and now tranſlated into Engliſh, under the title of "A true and ſurprizing account of a Na-

tural Sleep-walker, read before the Philoſophical Society of Lauſanne, in Swiſſerland, on the 6th of February, 1788." This ſleep-walker's name is Devand. At the time the following experiments and obſervations were made upon him under the directions of the ſociety, he was between thirteen and fourteen years of age. His conſtitution was weakly, and his nerves extremely irritable. The ſociety appointed three of its members, Dr. Levade, and Meſſieurs Reynier and Van Bercham, to make and report their obſervations on the ſleeping exertions and behaviour of this young man. Theſe gentlemen faithfully executed the injunctions they had received, and reported the reſults of the experiments they had made, and whatever authentic relations they procured from others.

His ordinary ſleep, which is ſeldom tranquil, when about to be ſeized with a fit of ſomnambuliſm, is uncommonly diſturbed. While in this ſtate, he is affected with involuntary motions; his heart palpitates; his tongue faulters; and he alternately riſes up and lies down. On one of theſe occaſions, the gentlemen remarked, that he ſoon articulated more diſtinctly, roſe ſuddenly, and acted agreeably to the motives of the dream which then occupied his imagination. When too quickly rouſed by a violent noiſe, or other cauſes, he is ſometimes ſeized with convulſions. After a paroxyſm, he complains of being fatigued; and, on ſome occaſions, is affected with ſickneſs and vomiting.

At firſt, when he awoke, and found himſelf dreſſed, and in the midſt of ſeveral perſons, his ſurprize was great. But after the habit of ſomnambuliſm had continued for ſome time, recollection of ſimilar events, as formerly remarked with regard to diſagreeable dreams, gradually diminiſhed his ſurprize. The ideas of a boy at ſchool muſt neceſſarily be few and ſimple; and, of courſe, his dreams can admit of little variation. His daily verſions, cyphering, the church ſpires, and bells, but chiefly tales of ghoſts and hobgoblins, were the principal objects of his nightly viſions. When his mind was impreſſed with particular ideas before going to ſleep, which is nothing uncommon, theſe ideas frequently conſtituted or gave a direction to his dreams.

The gentlemen examinators mention ſome effects of electricity and magnetiſm upon our ſomnambuliſt. But, in the tranſlation (for I have not ſeen the original) the facts are obſcure, unintereſting, and ſometimes even contradictory; and therefore ſhall be paſſed over in ſilence.

Upon

Upon this curious ſubject I muſt mention a ſingular converſation which happened in my houſe many years ago. The company conſiſted of the learned and ingenious Dr. Reid, at preſent Profeſſor of Morals in the univerſity of Glaſgow, and the no leſs intelligent and ingenious Dr. Blacklock, both well known in the literary world. Dr. Reid, among many other queſtions, aſked Dr. Blacklock, if he had any idea of light? Dr. Blacklock replied, that he had not, being deprived of ſight, ſo early as the ſecond year of his exiſtence. Dr. Reid then aſked him, if there was any difference between his ideas of perſons and objects when he dreamed, and thoſe which were excited while awake? Dr. Blacklock replied, that the difference was great; that he doubted whether he could communicate this difference in ſuch a manner as to be underſtood; but that he would make the attempt. His anxiety to pleaſe and inform, made his explanation at firſt ſo obſcure and perplexed, that it could not be underſtood. This perplexity he perceived; retracted what he had ſaid as unintelligible; and, with ſome degree of exultation, exclaimed, "Now I have it." He then told us, that, when awake, he could diſtinguiſh perſons three ways: the moſt perfect of which was that of hearing them ſpeak; but he could alſo recognize an acquaintance by feeling his head and ſhoulders. The third mode of diſtinction was by attending, without the aid of ſpeech, to the ſound and manner of breathing. He then proceeded, and told us, that, in ſleep, the objects which preſented themſelves to his imagination were more vivid, and that, without the intervention of any of the three modes mentioned above, he had diſtinct perceptions of diſtant objects, both animated and inanimated. Being aſked by what means he thought theſe impreſſions were conveyed to him, he replied, that he imagined his body was united to their's by a kind of diſtant contact, which was effected by the inſtrumentality of threads or ſtrings, which proceeded from their bodies to his own; and that mutual ideas were conveyed by vibrations of theſe ſtrings. The Doctor could not come nearer to the point; for, though what he ſaid did not amount to ideas excited by actual viſion, yet the approach was aſtoniſhingly near.

CURIOUS METHOD *of* DUELLING.

A Singular mode of determining a point of honour was lately hit upon in America; a perſon, who had been

a carpenter, having received a challenge from an officer in the army, on account of ſome imaginary affront, and not attending to it, was waited on by his antagoniſt, to know his determination; he obſerved, that being allowed by the laws of chivalry to chooſe his weapons, he had only waited to avail himſelf of that privilege; then taking the challenger into an adjoining apartment, where two large *gimblets* lay upon a table, "There, Sir," ſaid he, "thoſe are my weapons;" "I don't know what you mean, Sir," ſaid the officer. "I mean Sir," ſaid he, opening his boſom, "that if you can bore a hole ſooner than I can, the matter is ſettled." It is hardly neceſſary to ſay that this propoſal was not accepted.

THE SYLPH;
OR,
THE HISTORY OF SOPHIA MERTON.

(Continued from Page 191.)

CHARACTERISTICKS OF A BUTTERFLY.

A Butterfly is lively, active, and vivacious, and excels in the art of agreeable trifling. He laughs a little, but not much; his face generally wears a playful ſmile, expreſſive of ſprightlineſs. He dances, ſits down to a card table, or enters into converſation, juſt as the company, particularly the ladies, are diſpoſed. He has always ſomething to ſay, being extremely well acquainted with the anecdotes of the day; and where there is a theatre, is generally a theatrical critic. The butterfly is an adept in the ſcience of flirtation, but without attaching himſelf very particularly to any one lady, although he uſually ſhews a preference to three or four of the moſt conſpicuous for beauty, wit, or accompliſhments in the circle in which he moves. He divides his attentions amongſt a room full of ladies with the greateſt eaſe, paying to each ſome compliment appropriate to her alone: he preſſes the hand of the beauty, his eyes ſparkle at the repartees of the wit, and he hears with an air of deference the obſervations and the dictates of the belle who has long figured in the world of faſhion.

Amongſt the men, a butterfly is conſidered as a pleaſant, gentlemanlike man. Amongſt the ladies he is ſpoken of as an entertaining, good-humoured creature, and ever received with a ſmile. He is a perfect judge of dreſs, and informs

the fair what is becoming or unbecoming in their attire: on this dangerous ground the butterfly treads with a careleſs grace, and when he finds fault, mixes a few compliments with his remarks, which prevent his giving offence. In provincial towns butterflies are dictators in all public amuſements, and deſpotic ſovereigns over all actors, actreſſes, &c. A genteel air, and a perfect knowledge of the forms of balls and aſſemblies, are indiſpenſible in a butterfly. This claſs have ſometimes talents for buſineſs, and are often profeſſional men, and in theſe caſes the paſſive good will of their male acquaintance, with the active influence of the ladies, carry them a great way in the road of preferment. Huſbands, fathers, and brothers are ſeldom jealous of butterflies, and give them free leave to flutter about their houſes at pleaſure: but the lovers are not quite ſo eaſy, as they often find a butterfly very much in their way, and taking up the attention of the fair, whom they wiſh to engroſs to themſelves. Since the minds of the ladies have been enlightened and improved by polite literature, it is abſolutely neceſſary that a butterfly ſhould both ſpeak and write with propriety.

This claſs was once very numerous, and well known in Britain ſo early as the reign of Anne. The gallant Will Honeycomb bears a ſtrong likeneſs to a butterfly in the decline of life; and the ſhoeing horns which are alſo mentioned in the Spectator, are certainly branches from the ſame root: and, indeed, in this capacity they often act even at the preſent day. In the time of Will Honeycomb, when the butterfly character was not come to perfection, it was daſhed with libertiniſm, or at leaſt with an affectation of it, and now that the claſs is on the decline, it is ſometimes mixed with occaſional ſuperciliouſneſs; and the alarming increaſe of this ſpecies of inſolent affectation, bids fair to annihilate the butterfly character, in which circumſtance ſociety will certainly be a loſer. The ſylph begs leave to aſſure the ſupercilious gentlemen, that however they may deſpiſe the butterfly, he has the advantage of them in every point of view. The ſupercilious man diſpleaſes, and is uncivil; the butterfly pleaſes, and is obliging: The latter has friends ready to ſerve him in the little concerns of life; while the vexations and diſappointments of the former call forth no commiſeration: The butterfly makes no foes; the ſupercilious man is ſurrounded by concealed enemies, and the moſt favourable idea he excites is indifference.

WINTER

WINTER AMUSEMENTS CONTINUED.

The welcome day of the weekly aſſembly returned, and Sophia attended Miſs Saxby to the room: the latter ſat down to cards ſoon after ſhe entered, which my ward declined. Everard was preſent, and at the beginning of the evening affected not to notice Sophia, except by cool civility; but finding that mode of behaviour made no ſort of impreſſion on her, and that ſhe did not even appear to obſerve the difference of his manner, he became extremely aſſiduous, and his looks were expreſſive of all that reſpectful tenderneſs, which he ſhould ever moſt ſteadily have adhered to, in order to have intereſted the heart of Sophia.

My ward this evening was in rather a penſive humour, and a converſation ſhe had been engaged in, ſoon after ſhe entered the aſſembly room, with a gentleman of the name of Denbigh, (a lover of Lucy Vernon's, and who was at that time very unhappy, and obliged to renounce all hopes of her friend,) had conſiderably increaſed her penſiveneſs, and given a ſoftneſs to her manner which probably encouraged the attentions of Everard. Sophia was ſeated near one of the card tables, and Everard ſtood by the ſide of her chair; and having taken her fan, which he held in his hand with evident marks of ſatisfaction, was employed in relating with great earneſtneſs ſome unintereſting narrative, to a gentleman who happened to be ſtanding on the other ſide of Sophia, and who, paying very little attention to the recital, in which Everard was bewildering himſelf and his hearers, obſerved to my ward, "what beautiful white feathers ornamented her head-dreſs: and enquired if ſhe purchaſed them in Mellford." At this moment Everard being called to cards by the party he had before engaged with, was obliged to relinquiſh a ſituation which appeared to give him ſo much pleaſure, and reluctantly quitted the chair of Sophia.

At the breaking up of the aſſembly, my ward clearly perceived that Everard would have been greatly pleaſed with an opportunity of attending her to her own door (a compliment the gentlemen generally paid the ladies, although they had uſually a ſervant waiting for each of them). Sophia, however, being rather inclined that Clifford, who was then her favourite beau, ſhould wait on her home, contrived to diſappoint him.

Auri has remarked, in a former part of this narrative, when deſcribing the behaviour of Colonel Benſon, that there was often a playful childiſhneſs in his behaviour to Miſs Merton: ſomething of a ſimilar kind was viſible in the man-

ner of Clifford, but not accompanied with the air of libertiniſm ſo apparent in Benſon: in Clifford it was lively and undeſigning. Miſs Saxby ſeemed pleaſed when ſhe obſerved this gay butterfly treat Sophia as an engaging child; and ſome penetrating folks entertained an opinion, "that the former lady was employed in the very arduous taſk of converting the fluttering lively Clifford into a huſband;" and other people, equally fond of news, declared it to be their belief, "that Clifford was certainly plotting to gain the hand of Sophia Merton, and all his attention to Miſs Saxby was only to hide his real deſign:" And theſe laſt good folks were totally miſtaken in the character of Clifford.

Sophia attended to her muſical ſtudies; walked with Miſs Saxby; paid viſits to her other acquaintance; flirted with Clifford; wrote to Lucy Vernon; worked a little; read a few books; and ſtudied the arts of dreſs and the improvement of her manner: thus paſſed another week. The day of the aſſembly again returned; it happened to be the evening of that interview between Sophia and Colonel Benſon which the ſylph has already deſcribed, and will therefore now paſs it over in ſilence.

A few days after my ward met Everard by accident at a morning viſit; his behaviour to her was expreſſive of an affected indifference: Sophia was neither mortified or diſpleaſed at the almoſt daily changes of this her lover's manner, which really began to amuſe her very much; and his ſingular method of making love finely contraſted her lively flirtation with Clifford; and both together prevented the mind of Sophia from becoming melancholy. Her ſylph did not endeavour to divert her from this amuſement, as he was devoid of all fear with reſpect to either of them. Clifford was a great favourite of my ward's, but he did not in the leaſt affect her heart. She ſat down to her harpſichord, and thought of his ſprightly air as her fingers played a correſpondent tune: When ſeated at her toilet, ſhe reflected on his taſte in dreſs, and was pleaſed to think he would admire the arrangement of her ornaments. The image of Clifford was a pleaſing idea, which floated on the imagination of Sophia, but without in the ſmalleſt degree affecting her judgement, or engaging her affections.

(To be continued.)

GENERAL

GENERAL REVIEW *of* POLITICS,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1800.

RUSSIA.

THE moſt contradictory reports have been circulated on the ſubject of the withdrawing the Ruſſian troops from acting any longer with the Imperialiſts; and the ſeverity of the ſeaſon ſtill preventing the arrival of the Hamburgh mails, no certain account on this important ſubject has yet tranſpired. For the preſent therefore, we think it beſt to content ourſelves with giving the ſubſtance of what Mr. Pitt ſaid in the Houſe of Commons relative to it, and which we conſider as more deſerving attention than any thing elſe that has appeared.

Mr. Tierney, obſerved the Britiſh Miniſter, ſays Ruſſia has withdrawn herſelf from all Continental co-operation. Does it therefore follow that the alliance of that power can in no reſpect prove beneficial to this country and the common cauſe? May not the Ruſſians be employed in *maritime expeditions* of great importance againſt the enemy? It is obvious that France will be neceſſarily employed in the means of reſiſtance on a moſt extenſive line of Continental frontier, and ſhe will alſo have to provide for the defence of an extenſive line of coaſt. I do not mean (ſaid Mr. Pitt) to enter into the ſubject of any ſuch expedition, or to ſay a word on the determination of the Emperor of Ruſſia. But if our own force be increaſed on the whole, ſo as to make it greater than what it was before on the frontiers of France, we can employ that increaſe in a more powerful diverſion than we could have previouſly done.

The object of granting a ſubſidy to the Emperor of Germany, the Elector of Bavaria, and other ſtates of the Empire is evidently to procure an increaſe of force immediately on the Continent, and to place the force to be employed againſt France in that quarter on an equal footing at leaſt to what it was at the beginning of the laſt campaign. Such were the declarations of Mr. Pitt.

GERMANY.

At preſent a perfect good underſtanding appears to ſubſiſt between Great Britain and the Emperor of Germany. That potentate has engaged to bring into the field a more powerful force than any which has been hitherto brought to act againſt the enemy. This force will be divided into three ſeparate armies;

armies; one on the Italian frontier under the command of General Melas; a ſecond on the borders of Switzerland from the Lake of Conſtance to beyond Donaueſchingen, under the orders of the Archduke Charles; and a third, extending from thence, along the Rhine, to Manheim, commanded by the beſt of the Auſtrian Generals, the gallant veteran Kray. They are intended not to be leſs than three hundred thouſand men, a force fully ſufficient to cope with the French: The lapſe of a ſhort time will ſuffice to ſhew whether ſuch intention will be realized. Great Britain, on her part, has adopted one mean of co-operation with the Auſtrian army of Italy, which, moſt certainly, ought to have been adopted long ago—the blockade of Genoa. From that port having been left open the French army has been enabled to receive large ſupplies from the ſouthern provinces of France, without which it could not have retained its footing in the Genoeſe territory.

FRANCE.

The interior of France is ſtill in that unſettled ſtate which muſt ever be produced by the abſence of a regular Government. The Government, or rather the uſurper—for his will is law—is placed in a moſt awkward ſituation by the complete failure of his ungracious attempt to realize thoſe hopes of peace, by which he had bribed the people to acquieſce in his uſurpation. Fluctuating between the difficulty of carrying on the war without having recourſe to thoſe arbitrary and tyrannical meaſures which he ſo loudly condemned in his immediate predeceſſors; and the neceſſity of conciliatory meaſures for ſecuring ſome degree of permanence to his ill-gotten power;—his policy is wavering, and his conduct contradictory and indeciſive. Hence his miniſtry and his aſſemblies, his mock-counſellors and his mock-legiſlators exhibit, to the aſtoniſhed eye, a motley mixture of Robeſpierreans and Briſſotins, of furious Jacobins and pretended Moderates; hence his open encouragement of profeſſed Terroriſts, and his affected manifeſtation of indulgence to Royaliſts;—hence, too, his recent recall of two men, as oppoſite in their nature as fire and water, the two Directors proſcribed in the autumn of 1797—Carnot and Barthelemy—the latter of manners and diſpoſition mild, moderate, and benevolent; the former, with the head of Briſſot and the heart of Babœuf—a rank regicide, who has publicly in the face of Europe, aſſerted his claim to the protection of the republican rulers, founded on his active participation in the murder of his Sovereign. Thoſe, who are ſanguine in their expectations of permanence

from a Government compoſed of ſuch heterogeneous particles, and actuated by ſuch contradictory views, muſt form their concluſions from ſome premiſes unknown to us. Still the Grand Conſul of France, conſidered as an enemy, is not to be treated with contempt. He has ſucceeded in repreſſing the inſurrections in the weſtern departments, before any aſſiſtance could be given to the inſurgents from abroad. There has ever been, indeed, a ſtrange want of combination in theſe internal movements, which experience ſeems inadequate to correct. The aſſiſtance from this country has almoſt always arrived on the French coaſt, too ſoon, or too late. But though the inſurrection be repreſſed for the preſent, we do not conceive it poſſible, ſo completely to quell the diſpoſition to riſe, as to render the preſence of a conſiderable republican force in theſe departments unneceſſary; even were no fears entertained of a foreign invaſion. Bonaparte has made every poſſible exertion to encreaſe his armies on the Rhine, and on the frontiers of Italy, and there is no doubt that the enſuing campaign will be moſt obſtinately conteſted on either ſide.

GREAT BRITAIN.

No domeſtic event of very great conſequence has happened in this month, except one, and that is of the moſt unpleaſant nature—we mean the alarm of a ſcarcity of wheat. Various and oppoſite are the opinions held reſpecting the reality, the extent, and the cauſes of this moſt ſerious evil. But every one will read with pleaſure the excellent advice given by Dr. Porteus, the Biſhop of London, in the ſermon he preached on Aſh Wedneſday, the 26th of February, 1800, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and from which we ſhall here give an extract:

" Beſides the reaſons for the practice of religious abſtinence, which have here been ſtated, every man muſt, at this moment, feel himſelf under peculiar obligations, to obſerve a more than ordinary degree of abſtemiouſneſs, both in the quantity and quality of his diet. It has pleaſed the Almighty to afflict this land with an unuſual ſcarcity of one of the moſt eſſential neceſſaries of life. Whether this ſcarcity may not have been exaggerated and increaſed, by the arts of unfeeling and avaricious men, I will not take upon me to ſay: but whether it be real or artificial, or (what is perhaps nearer the truth) a compound of both, the effect is the ſame; a real evil reſults from it. It has rendered the price of bread exceſſive, and placed it almoſt beyond the reach of the poor.

It

It is, therefore, a duty we owe to them, and to the public at large, to exert our beſt endeavours to lower this exorbitant price as much as poſſible.

" There is no danger, I conceive, of exciting, by theſe exertions, any needleſs alarm. The alarm has long ſince gone forth; and it is in vain to think of ſtifling it, by ſaying, there is no ſcarcity. This is, at the beſt, mere matter of opinion; and different men will think differently concerning it. But there is one point on which all men muſt think alike—that bread is enormouſly dear, and hardly to be procured by the lower orders of the people. It is of no moment to them, whether the ſcarcity be real or artificial: they feel an actual calamity preſſing upon them, and they care little about the reaſonings of ſpeculative men.

" This being the caſe, it would be as prepoſterous for us to ſit ſtill with our arms folded, and ſuffer the miſchief to advance upon us, without any effort to repreſs it, as it would be to make no preparations of defence againſt an enemy landed on our coaſts, for fear it ſhould ſpread a falſe alarm over the country. The enemy we have at preſent to encounter is actually in the midſt of us, is at every man's door; but aſſails, with peculiar violence, the cottage of the poor. We are, therefore, loudly and imperiouſly called upon to reſiſt him with vigour; and it behoves the higher claſſes, more eſpecially, to give every aſſiſtance in their power to the lower orders; which, in truth, they ſeem perfectly well diſpoſed to do.

" One mode of relief ſuggeſted has been that of the higheſt and the middle ranks of men limiting, to a very moderate proportion, the quantity of bread uſed in their reſpective families. This is certainly, in every point of view, a very wiſe and benevolent expedient. The leſs bread is conſumed by the rich, the more, of courſe, there will be left for the poor; and the leſs demand there is for this particular article, the leſs temptation will there be to hoard it up, and the greater probability there is that the price will fall. Beſides this, when the lower orders ſee that their ſuperiors deny themſelves ſome of the comforts of life for their ſakes, they will more readily and patiently ſubmit to the privations they muſt neceſſarily endure.

" It is to be hoped, therefore, that this ſalutary regulation, this wiſe and humane act of abſtemiouſneſs, will univerſally prevail among thoſe whom Providence has bleſſed with affluence, or with competence."

AN ANECDOTE.

THE word *bourn*, written and pronounced *burn* in Northumberland, means there only a rivulet. There is a place not far from Hexham, called Wark's Burn, where live an untaught race of labouring men. A rough lad from the Burn's ſide, came before the late Biſhop to be confirmed. His Lordſhip ſeeing him very unpoliſhed in his appearance, wiſhed to know if his mind was equally neglected, and aſked him to repeat the Lord's Prayer. The boy began it—he could not finiſh it. "What!" ſaid the Biſhop, "young man, cannot you ſay the Lord's Prayer?" "Only a bit on't," replied the lad, "but up the burn and down the burn we ha' it among us."

Anſwer, by S. Major, of Colyton, to W. Lewis's Queſtion, inſerted October 7.

BY the ſuppoſition in the queſtion, Huuntingdon is $= \sqrt{324 \times \frac{9}{2} \times 7 \div 9} = 63$ miles north, and York 54 miles weſt of London: whence two legs of a right angled $\triangle$, whoſe correſponding hypothenuſe is the diſtance required, and by the proper rule will be found $= 82{,}975$ miles, nearly 83 miles.

Anſwer, by J. Ninnis, of St. Agnes, to Recluſe's Charade, inſerted December 16.

WHEN I your enigma rightly name,
You'll find what heroes ſeek for—FAME.

Anſwer, by P. Gove, of Exeter, to W. Hobbs's Anagrammatical Rebus, inſerted December 23.

THO' dire convulſions ſhake the world,
And from their thrones Monarchs are hurl'd,
Dire revolutions have their birth,
Sent as a dreadful plague on earth,
Great George, our King, can well exclaim,
"On Britain's ſceptre LO! I REIGN."

Long may he reign with loud applauſe,
Protect RELIGION and our laws.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from T. Whicker, of Exeter.

A REBUS, *by J. Gidley, Jun. of Dean Prior.*

REBUSIAN youths! that jocund month diſplay,
When birds melodious ſing, and lambkins play;
My next to labour ſeldom e'er doth ceaſe
When ſummer reigns, his ſtôres for to increaſe;
A beauteous warbler find, whoſe pleaſing ſtrains
Have charm'd my ear when rambling o'er the plains;
Then, contemplative bards! you muſt unfold
A beaſt rapacious, ravenous, and bold;
That brave, illuſtrious officer explore,
Who nobly fought upon a rocky ſhore;
An heavenly ſcience, laſtly, gents. expreſs,
That is by every righteous man careſs'd:
With circumſpection, Sirs, the ſix combine,
And you'll a celebrated poet find.

A REBUS, *by W. Maddick, of Rattery.*

KIND gents. that fountain firſt I'd have you tell,
In which the Graces us'd to waſh themſelves;
That Spartan lady's name to mind you'll bring,
The daughter, wife, and mother of a King;
And who that nymph is thirdly let us ſee,
Who was immortal for her modeſty;
And then the ſon of Praxonides name
Who inſtituted the Olympic games;
A Queen of Lydia next I do require
Whom the brave Hercules did much admire;
And laſt of all that youth I'd have you find
Who to a daffodil, 'tis ſaid, did pine:
Find the initials, and connect them right,
Then you an ancient name will have in ſight.

*** *Poſtage of letters muſt be paid, or their contents will not be noticed.*

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

On the DEATH *of* EARL HOWE.

By P. GOVE, *of Exeter.*

COME, generous Britons! ye whoſe feeling hearts
Can heave a ſigh, can ſhed the ſorrowing tear,
Mourn the brave Howe, who late reſign'd his breath,
Well crown'd with honours, and matur'd in years.

Oft o'er old ocean has he fearleſs roam'd,
Braving all dangers with a placid mien;
Dauntleſs engag'd our moſt inſulting foes,
And cruſh'd the arrogance of France and Spain.

By thoſe heroick actions he has won
Th' applauſe which laud his ever valu'd name;
Deſerving honours have to him been paid,
Honours which rank him high in Britiſh fame.

Let not oblivion veil theſe glorious deeds,
But dear remembrance radiantly adorn
Each Briton's mind! And may the illuſtrious page
Tranſmit them ſafe to ages yet unborn!

What tho' the earth contains his mortal part,
Doom'd there to mingle with its kindred clay;
Swifter than light his ſpirit took its flight
To the bright manſions of eternal day.

The STORM.

[From an Ode by Dr. Drake.]

HEARD ye the whirlwind's flight ſublime,
Swift as the ruſhing wing of time?
The demon rag'd aloud!
Vaunting he rear'd his giant form,
And tower'd amid the gath'ring ſtorm,
Borne on a murky cloud;
Vaſt horror ſhook the dome of heav'n,
As 'neath him far with fury driv'n,
The viewleſs depths of air,
Stern o'er the ſtruggling globe he paſt,
While pauſing nature ſhrank aghaſt,
And thro the troubled gloom wild yell'd the fiend deſpair.

Servant

Servant of God! deſtructive power!
Whilſt due to wrath the direful hour,
Thou warn'ſt a guilty world,
When burſts to vengeance Heav'n's bleſt fire,
When lightens fierce the Almighty's ire,
On ſin-ſtruck nations hurl'd;
Thy terrors load my trembling ſhell,
Dread as the madd'ning tones that ſwell
O'er yonder bleak domain,
Where heaves thy deep, inceſſant roar,
That ſhakes the ſnow-topp'd mountain hoar,
And with reſiſtleſs ruin ſtrews th' affrighted plain.

Ah! what of hope's delicious ray,
As ſlow the pilgrim takes his way,
Shall ſooth his ſinking ſoul,
As round him forms infernal riſe
Of ghaſtly hue, whoſe hideous cries
Thro' the vex'd ether roll,
And mingling in each ſurf-worn cave,
Fell ſpirits from the murderer's grave,
The deed of horror hail;
Saw ye the redd'ning meteor gleam?
Heard ye, with harſh and hollow ſcream,
Far o'er the dim cold ſea the birds of ocean wail?

Fierce o'er the darkly-heaving waves,
The ſtorm with boundleſs fury raves,
The ſailor ſtarts aghaſt,
His helm to ruthleſs vengeance giv'n,
O'er the vaſt ſurge ſpeeds idly driv'n,
As ſhrieks the hurrying blaſt:
Ceaſe, Emma, ceaſe to hope in vain,
Thou ne'er wilt view thy lord again,
He never ſhall return!
Pale on the deſert ſhore he lies!
No wife belov'd to cloſe his eyes,
No friend in pitying tones his wave-drench'd limbs to mourn.

SONNET *to* MEMORY.

SOURCE of pleaſure, ſource of pain,
Thoughtful treaſure, mental train;
From paſt bliſs for ever flow,
And in the mind for ever glow.
But o'er each ſcene of ſorrow vain,
The gloomy pictures of the brain;
O'er melancholy ſhades of woe,
Let oblivion her mantle throw.
Thus onward as I bend my courſe,
Devoid of fear, without remorſe,
Still may'ſt thou view preceding times;
And tracing late life's devious track,
With conſcious rectitude look back,
At follies ſigh, but not at crimes.